n all trades which take room there are

limits to competition. Two half-pence on two leaves are not equal to a penny on one leaf when the ovens will only

hold so many loaves. Then the buyer who cares about the fall of a penny is

always wanting credit, and does not

like to quit the man who will give it,

and who regards desertion as the one unpardonable sin. Moreover, he, or rather she, believes in the customary

price, and, whatever the newspapers

may say, cannot get rid of the impres-

sion that somehow the underseller is

giving her, in some way, inferior qual-

ity for her morey-a belief diligently

sheduraged by the regular tradesman.

And lastly, the underseller being anx

ons mainly for accidental custom, is neither so obliging nor so patient, nor

so careful about deliveries as his estab-

So strongly do these three causes

work together, that we have heard of instances in which bakers in populous

neighborhoods have bought their underselling rivals' stocks and sold them

at their own prices without their cus-

tomers ever knowing or resenting the

tax so directly levied. The force of habit which even arrests downfalls in

broad, is much stronger as to articles less needed and less accurately under-

stood, till we arrive at cases in which,

as in the milk trade, cheapness is post-

tively suspected or distinced, as if it must of necessity be based upon some

fraud. Of course, in the end, if whole-sale prices are low the undersellers win, and the new price establishes itself, in which case woe to the retailers when

wholesale prices rise. They have to endure a storm of inquiries, objurga-tions, and epithets which must take the sweetness of their previous gains

quite out of them, and very often are

compelled to yield and compensate

themselves by unsuspected reductions in quality. As a rule, however, the demand that a customary and low price should be lower still comes with

surprising slowness, and the distrib

utors, when their wholesale market has

given way, enjoy unexpected profits continuously for months. The public

will not, in this instance, grudge the

shopkeepers their gains, for they had previously been suffering greatly from

different causes one being the diffi-culty of meeting the competition of the

stores; but they certainly for some time

past have had cause to bless the "gen-

Brother Skinner's Marriage.

"I should like to spoke a few remarks

to Brudder Side-Bar Skinner," ob-served the president, as the dust began

to settle in Paradise hall.

Brother Skinner, who is a young man

of 23, with a mild eye and a lilac neck-tie, advanced to the front, and the

president continued:
"Brudder Skinner, de news has

reached my ears dat you am about to be mar'd. I trus' dat de report am

true, bekase I believe it am de dooty of

ebery young man who kin support a

"Den let me compliment you wid one

hand an' spoke a few remarks wid de odder. Gittin' mar'd has its werry

serious side. Fur instance, am de gal

gwine to mar'y you bekase she loves

you, or to spite her folkes bekase dey kept her away from de skatin'-rink?

which you hope he'll shell out fur your

"Love am a powerful emoshun, Brud-

wife to take one.

benefit?

"It am true, sah."

eral depression." - The Spectator.

lished rival.

Portrait of a Lady.

Patrit me your perfect buty. I have seen some purt, perhaps the whole, of what I Yet in articulate feature in declare The large that handle my thought divined

all denial domb. Here, take my less rrikes all denot thints. Here, take my best-n noise than hear'st, no preparation blows (vrampet where my perfect lady goes), her with rule tramp she texts the hollow

ground, niness theely, nor with girlish bound pe the light sod, a woman, not a fury, on an earthly base firm poised her fall; sistence rosts. No flaunting broad dis I reciting flourness marks her sentle way, in the threeses of the light winged May of its she recines, and fragrant as all they. In she he levely and the summer dwells a her height eyes, and every feature tells

And when she speaks soft, silvery does flow flow flowed from a mellow depth below. Not clipt in shreds, nor with a tinking din A shallow plash from hellow heart within. Not bold is she to place herself before The first, for sinks demore behind the doe that takes her place just where she count

he.
Nor miskes you feel when there that it is sho.
With native grace, and fine unintered mien.
Sho greets the poor, or aimids before a queen,
sweeps with light healting case the feats theor,
Or benils o'er sick beds with the suffering

Bis casts no proud or patronizing eye
on those beaw, nor dacks before the high,
All things to all she is, for why—in all
Her skill is to be maturen,
True to herboff, and to the high deal
that God's grace gave her to inform the real;
true to her kind, and to your swiry feeling
lespondent with a power of studiest bealingthe knows no falseness; even the courtlest

Not dreams not: truth flows from her deep And it her timese speaks pleasant things to

The that the invertie well both great and small; And all in her that mertuis call politoness is but the image of her bright said's bright-tures. to see treat heaven. Such is the perfect fair Waom to my heart I hold, and worship there. And if the pleture likes ther well to see. Know, adv. more than half I store from thee!—Hinckwood's Magazine.

#### BACK AGAIN.

The sea lashes the coast with its short and mountainous waves. Little white clouds pass very quickly across the great blue sky, swept on by the wind, like birds; and the village, in the wrinkle of the little valley sloping toward the ocean, warms itself in the

At the very entrance to it stood the ouse of Martin Levesque, all alone by rman's dwelling it was, with walls of sy, and a thatched roof plumed with flowers. It had a garden not biger than a pocket handkerchief, in which some onions, cabbages, parsnips and chervil were growing. A hedge ivided it from the road. The man was always fishing, and his

seated by the door, was busy repairing the meshes of a great brown immense cobweb. A girl of fourteen, scated in a chair propped back so that she could lean back against the fence, was occupied in mending underwear, already overdarned and patched. Another girl, younger by a year, held in her arms a very young child, not yet able to speak or gesticulate, and two urchins, whose ages might be two and four years, sitting flat upon the ground, face to face, were playing at gardening with their clumsy little hands and throwing dirt into each other's eyes.

Nobody stoke. Only the child which the young girl was trying to put to sleep cried continuously in a little sharp A cat slept in the window, and at the foot of the wall extended a veritable cushion of white gillyflowers, about which buzzed a whole tribe of

All of a sudden the girl sewing near the gate cried out: "Mamma!"

The mother answered: "What is it?" "Here he is again!"
The whole family had been uneasy

once carly morning because of a man who had kept prowling about the use an old man who looked like a going to the boat house to see off. He was then sitting by the streetly in front of the door. doen they came back from the beach here, looking at the house He seemed sick and very miserable, fe had not budged for more than an watched like a malefactor, he had

ging his legs heavily as he walked. But after a while the girls saw him coming back, walking with the same slow and weary step, and sat down again this time a little further offand kept watching them.
The mother and her girls began to

teel afraid. The mother was particularly worried because she was naturally mid, and then her husband Levesque, would not return until nightfall

Her husband's real name was Levesque, and necs Martin, and the neigh-hors called them the Martin-Levesque This was because she had first married a sailor named Martin, who used to go to Newfoundland every year to engage in the cod fisheries.

After two years of married life she shortly to become a mother again when the vessel that her husband had shipped on-the Deux-Sours, a Dieppe three master disappeared.

No news was ever heard of her; none of her crew ever returned, so it was generally believed she had gone down with all bands.

La Martin, as folks called her, waited for her husband ten long years, raising for children with the greatest difficuland then, as she was known to be a

d, industrious woman. Levesque, a sherman of the place and a widower with one son, asked her to marry him. She accepted his proposal, and had two more children by him within three

They lived with difficulty by the hardest work. Bread was dear and meat was almost an unknown luxury in their cottage. Sometimes during the winter in the stormy weather they would get heavily in debt to the baker the children were wonderfully healthy. Folks used to say: "They're good people—the Levesques La Martin she's a great worker, and there's no-

body can beat Levesque fishing. The girl at the gate continued: "Looks as if he knew us. Praps it's some beggar from Epreville or Ause-

But the mother could not be mistaken. No, no! it was nobody from that part of the country, sure!

As he remained motionless as a stake and kept his eyes persistently fixed on the habitation of the Martin-Levesque people La Martin became furious at last, and her fear giving her courage, she seized a spade and went out in

front of the gate.
"What do you want there?" she screamed to the tramp. He replied in a wheezy voice: just taking a rest in the shade. ain't doing you any harm-am 1? She went on: "What are you sping around like that before my hou "What are you spy-

The man answered: "I'm doing no harm to nobody. Ain't a person allowed to sit on the edge of the public

As she could not find any answer to this observation, she went into

The day passed by very slowly. About noon the man disappeared. But he passed by again about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. They did not see him during the evening.

Levesque came in about nightfall.

They told him about it. He said: "Must

be some sneak or villian." And he went to bed without feeling the least anxiety, while his wife kept thinking about the prowler who had stared at her with such queer-looking

When day came around there was a big wind, and, seeing that he could not take his boat out, the sailor began to help his wife to mend the neb-

About 9 o'clock the eldest girl—a Martin—who had been sent for tread, came running with a highiened face, and cried out: "Manuma, there he is again?

The mother almost fainted; and pale as a ghost, she said to her ims band: "Go out and talk to him, be vesque, and ston this smeaking around

it just worries me out of my senses. And Levesque, a burly scaman, whose face was tanned to the color of brick, with a rough, red beard, blue eyes with a piercing black pupil, and a strong neck, always encircled by a woolen searf to protect him from cold winds and chilly rains at sea, arose very quietly and walked directly to the prowler. And the two began to talk. The mother and the children watched anxiety.

All of a smiden the stranger rose up and followed Levesque toward the

La Martin shrank back terrified. Her husband said to her: "Give him a bite of bread and a glass of vider. He hasn't had anything to car for two And they both entered the cottage,

followed by the mother and her chil-dren. The prowler and down and began to cat, keeping his head down, as if to avoid being looked at.

The woman standing near him, watched him keenly, and the two tall daughters, the Martin girls, braining against the door-posts—one of them rrying the youngest child stared at him with enrious eyes; and the two little urchins, squalling among the ashes of the fire-place, slopped playing with the pot in order to contemplate

the stranger.

Levesque took a chair, and sitting down, asked him: So you come from a good ways off?"

I have come from Cette." "Yes, on foot. When one hasn't the

ans, one has to walk."
Then where are you going to?"

Going here.
Know any folks here:

They stopped talking. He ate slowly, hungry as he was, and be drank a little cider after each mouthful of bread. He had a worn face—wrinkled, full of hollows and seemed to have suffered a great deal.

Levesque roughly asked him: "What s voor name? He replied, without lifting his eyes,

"My name's Martin."
A strange shiver passed through the mother. She took one long step for-ward, as if to get a closer view of the tramp, and remained standing in front of him, her arms banging lifelessly by her sides, her mouth opened as if to her sides, her mouth opened as if to cry out. Nobody said a word. At

last Levesque resumed.
"Are you from this place?"
He answered: "I am from this

And as he lifted his head at last, the eyes of the woman and his own met and remained fixed, mixed together in a gaze so: motioniess that it seemed to

And then in a voice wholly changed, low and trembling she asked: that you, my husband?

He articulated slowly: "Yes; it's

He did not move, and continued to

Levesque, more -prorised than Martin. The other replied simply:
"Yes, it's me. And the second husband then asked. "Where on much did you come from?" plied: "From the African coast. We foundered in a shoal. Three of us were saved. Picard, and Vatinel, and And then we were taken by the savage , who kept us twelve years. Pleard's dead and Vaturel's dead. It was an English traveler passing through who saved me and took me with him

to Cette. And here I am."
La Martin was crying, with her apron lifted to her face Levesque mattered: "What will we

Martin pelied. It's you is her hus-

Levesque answered "Yes,"

They looked at each other and reammed scient. Then Martin, looking at the children

standing in a ring around hou, nodded his need toward the two tall girls and asked: "Tuey are mine? Levesque replied: "Yes." He did not get up: did not kiss them; only observed "Good God! how big they have grown."

·What am Levesque reperated: Martin, equally puzzled, could not tell. Finally be said: "Me, I'll fix matters the way you like I don't want to do you no wrong. Still, it's a bad fix anyhow, when one thinks about the house. I've two children, you've three, each one can have his own. The mother—is she yours or is she I'll agree to anything you want; but the house-that's mine, cause my father left it to me, and because I was born in it, and because she's got papers at the notary's to

La Martin was still crying-with fittle sobs she hid behind the blue cotton of her apron. The two tall girls had drawn near and were staring anxsly at their father.

He had finished eating and exclaimed in his turn: "What am I to do now?" A sudden idea came to Levesque Go see the priest—he'll tell." Martin arose, and as he approached is wife she flung herself subbing upon

his breast. "My husband, it's you Martin, my poor Martin, its you." And she hugged han tightly, thrilled suddenly by the memory of other days-by a great shock of souvenirs that recalled to her the days of her

own twenty summers and her first love. Martin, himself affected, kissed her white cap. The two children in the fire-place began to howl simultaneously upon hearing the mother cry, and onby in the arms of the second Martin girl clamored in a voice as sharp as a

squeaky knife
Levesque stood here waiting
Come, he said, We've got to settle Martin separated from his wife, and

trade is unpleasant—good assistants shooning the banned shops—or, in the as he stood looking at his two daugh-ters the mother said to them: "Can't you kiss your father?" gether, but with very little result. They will let down prices to a point,

They approached him simultaneousv. with dry eyes, much astonished

stid a inter account arm on greener them one after the other on both checks with a loud peasant's kiss. On seing the stranger draw near, the screamed so violently that early took fits.

Then the two men went out together As they were about to pass the Cafe de Commerce Levesque asked, "S'pose we take a drink?"

"I'm willing." declared Martin.
They entered, sat down in the still acant bar-room, and Levesque cried: On! Chicot!-bring two brambles; the good stuff, you know. This is Martin, who's come back—Martin, you know. wife's husband-you know, Marin of the Deux-Sors, who was lost.

And the barkeeper, with three glasses in one hand and a decanter in another, approached stout, sanguine, "Well, so you're back again

Martin answered: "I'm back again." INCIDENT OF THE TURE.

How Dan Mace Drove Lady Thorne i

An intimate friend of Dan Mace, writes a correspondent to the New York Times, has been regaling me with entertaining reminiscences of the famus driver. mildly be called a little astonishing. I plainly manifested my skeptleism when heard it, but the carnesiness with outable fact that other veteran horsenen among themselves have seriously recited and discussed it warrant me in making it public property now after he lapse of years in which it has been reasured in confidence by Mace's in-imates. Mace told the tale to friends n whom he trusted, but secrecy was lways imposed upon his hearers; for, hough it was perhaps the text of the hief boast of his life, there were some phases in it which, for apparent rea-sons, he took no personal pride. Gen-eral publication of the story even now vill doubtless provoke many warm liscussions in trotting circles. "Billy"

Hunter, a conspicuous horseman now living at Hariford, and a quondom erony of Mace, vouches for the truth of the chronicle, claiming personal knowledge of it, while other men well known on the track recite the same parrative as they say they heard it from Mace's own lips. "Years ago," began my authority, "when forty-pound sulkies and shin and pastern boots were un-known, Lady Thorne headed the list of trotters. Oh, she was a good one in her day, but she needed careful nursing and regular straight handling. Dan was the only man who could ever get the last loop out of her. Tricky and a triffe mean when she was stale patience, and sometimes, as all the stable-boys will remember, he wen' at her in a pretty lively way. One hot Friday morning in July when Mace

went out to her stall the animal was unusually ugly. She had done fast work on the preceding Tuesday against time, and had been in high feather ever since; now almost fiercely she turned upon 'Old Blue Jacket,' and fastened er teeth upon his shoulder. Dan was mrt, and Dan was mad. He ordered men to put a strong bridle on the east and take her into a covered enlosure. With the long bridle rein ver a high stringer he had the men haul the mare's head high into the air. and then taking a new driving whip Dan laid it on with might and main, shouting and yelling at the mare con-tinually; break away she could not and before the old man got through with her she was covered with foam and rembling like an aspen leaf. A wild rightened look was in her eye, and if ever a horse appeared heart-broken, Lady Thorne did on that July day,

came down to the starting post for the

second mile like a flash, and away she

went. The watch snapped as it began

timing a mile, which Dan Mace averred

to his dving-day was the fastest ever

span by a trotting-horse in all the world. How he yelled! How he laid on the lash! He acted like a manine.

Under every blow Lady Thorne sped along faster and faster, while gaping,

awe-stricken hostlers looked on in

speechless amazement, for such trot-

ting as this not one had ever dared to

even dream of. Down the back-stretch

tore the maddened animal too frighten-

ed to break, trotting squarely without a skip. Around the lower turn and

down the stretch sailed the mare, white

with foam, speckled with blood. With-in a hundred feet of the wire Mace let

out a screech more hideous even than

any that had preceded it. Lady Thorne

flew through the air faster still, and, like lightning shot under the wire.

Hunter looked at the stop-watch, grew

pale, and shut the case with a vehe-

ment snap.
What was it? breathlessly de-

'Never mind: wait till they come

"Almost wholly white, trembling

and stumbling, back jogged the mare

Dan's face was ghastly, and the veins on his forehead stood out like whip-

" Take good care of her, boys; I've

been devilish rough with the beast,' he muttered as they led the horse

away. "Hunter," said Dan, 'you and I will

never live to see that mile trotted again. Let me look at the watch.

again. Let me look at the watch.' When Hunter obeyed Mace stared al-

most vacantly at the dual, and then of

a sudden, half in soliloquy, he said simply, I knew it.

enthusiastic friend, "and 2:08 it was."

Many horsemen know this; many be-

lieve it; some don't; but to my mind it

is really true. I am willing to take the word of Billy Hunter and the word of

Dan Mace that Lady Thorne on that

day trotted the fastest mile this world

Is it not the first law of economics

that the cheap seller will supersede the dear seller and get all his market away? Certainly that is true in the

long run, but it is not true in five min-

utes. The difficulties in the way of the

"undercutter" or underseller are very

trade" hate him, and the hatred of the

strictly organized trades, intolerable. Effort after effort has been made to beat

the bakers, who hold very closely to-

but no further, being quite aware tha

great indeed. In the first place,

The Cheap and the Dear Beller.

"That watch marked 2:08," said my

manded the half-dazed onlookers.

cords.

der Skinner, but love widout pork and taters to keep it goin' am like de froth on top of sodawater. "Don't mistake your sentiments. If you am sartin dat you love, go ahead. If it am only lollypop, hire out as a deck-hand on a steamboat fur a week But Dan's ire was not appeased, 'Hook her up,' he said to 'Billy Huntac' it will all go away. I hev known couples ez seemed to be dyin' of love. Deir silly ackshuns made 'em de latlin' er, who was with him then as his head groom; hook her up and take this watch and eatch my second mile. I'll tock of a hull nayburhood. Dey seemed to dote and dote, but it didn't last. loosen her up a bit on the first mile. Arter a couple of y'ars de husband war' a home grumbler an' tryant, an' de repeat for all she is worth. You take that time. Now, my old girl, I'll fix vife a gadabout an' a scold. dey s'posed was love wur only lollyyou,' he said sternly, as he caught the reins behind the affrighted horse. He pop.
"Doan' marry a gal hopin' dat her seemed to hold her back with difficulty on the first mile. She feared that crue whip. Gradually letting her out she

father will set you up in de barber biz-ness. Most fadder-in-laws not only want all dey hez got, but am willin' to struggle for another \$20,000.
"Doan' sot down an' figger dat fo'

What

taters, a loaf of bread, half a pound of neat, an' a quart of applesass am gon' to run you fur a week. You will want all de salary you can ai'rn, an' you had better look aroun' an' find somebody who will lend you a dollor

"Doan flatter verselves dat all you nev got to do am to hug in de house an' kiss ober de gate. You'll be hungry fur co'n beef an' baked beans; your cloze will wa'r out; your flour an' butter will waste away, an' a bill fur two months' rent will send a chill up yer back. De man or woman who specks dat mar'd life am a green an' shady lane, lined wid orange blossoms on one ide an' ten dollar bilis on de odder, am gwine to wake up some day an' find

de rats leavin' de place in disgust.
Think of dese things, Brudder
Skinner. You kin get a wife in about five minutes, but it takes five y'ars to git shet of some of 'em. Expect about one day's sunshine for a week of cloudy weather. Reckon on house rent comin' due de fust of ebery month, an le grocer an' butcher keepin' an eye out fur you each Saturday night. will amaze you how de woodpile decedes an' how de flour gits outen de bar'l so soon. Doan' walk into matrimony like a lobster into a box, but tig-ger on whether de bait am with de risks. It you conclude to mar'y you kin depend on dis club attendin' de obsequies in a body, bringin' along a sounteous supply of ham sandwiches. If you decide not to, it am probable dat you will soon be promoted to some posishun of trust an' responsibility.'

The Lame Kain Club. Abe Buzzard, the famous Pennsylvanta outlaw of whom so much has been written, is described by a neigh bor as anything but a hero. The neighbor says: "Imagine a dirty, slovenly-looking sneak, the hight of whose ambition is to rob a hen-roost, skirmishing around a farm-yard while the men are working in the field ready to steal anything he can lay his hands on, from a dung-hill rooster to a clothes-horse, and you have a picture of Abe Buzzard in all his glory. I lived in Lancaster county, and have seen the whole Buzzard gang brought to court more than once, and in no in-stance did their daring adventures amount to more than robbing a country store; and that was always done while honest men slept, and in such a bungling manner that any of the counthey had so desired

There were 48,000 visitors from North to Florida last winter.

There are 32,000 Irish soldiers in the

English army.

The Fox in Fiction. In tables the character of the fox is

lual. It is generally the deceiver, but also on occasions the dupe. Many an-imals on occasion fall a victim to it n the single romance of Reincke Fuchs it outwits and infamously ruins the king lion and pretty nearly all his courtier quadrupeds—but every now and again the same animals flout it, make fun of it, play tricks on it. Even cocks and kids have a joke occasionly at its expense, which is very true to nature, for we often see the professional sharper, the habitual traitor, exposed and put to shame by simple mother wit. Betty with her mop routes the fencing master. But, above all, the fox is always beaten when he tries to pass off his dishonesties upon other foxes; the rogues know each other too well to try to guess where the pea is. So when the fox falls by accident into the dver's vat, and comes out a fine blue all over, he goes back to his kin-dred and tells them that he is a peacock of the sky. But they recognize his voice and worry him till they pull all his blue fur off, and he dies. Stories of the same purport are abundant and familiar to all. Yet there are plenty of occasions in which the fox behaves very honorably to its friends and appears in the light of a benefactor, notaly, in those tales where Reynard plays the part of puss-in-boots, such as "Cosmo the Quickly Enriched," and others. Moreover, the cock is some-times found on the most friendly terms with the fox, who helps it against their common enemy, the wolf. It is almost needless to say that many posts con-demn fox-hunting, "which rural gen-tlemen call sport divine," and perhaps superfluous to add that their reasons ardly justify their condemnation. them the sportsman appears something less than human. Especially does this class of poet de-

est to see women in the field. Far be the spirit of the chase from them! Uncomely courage, unbescending skill, To spring the fence, to rein the prancing

They hope "such horrid joy" will never "stain the bosom of the Br fair." - The Gentleman's Mayazine,

The Chaeming Widow.

She was pretty and sweet, so much so that the several clerks nearly broke their necks in struggling to see who would be the one to wait on her, but she ignored them all, and sitting down on a stool, drew from her pocket a handkerchief which she held in readiness for application to her eyes, and sent for the manager. He soon came up to the lady, who, with the handker hief to one eye, flashed the other briliant orb at his and told her story

"Mr. B ...., Charley, my husband (sob), is dead, and I have no suitable (sniffle) mourning. I came down to see (gulp) if you would trust me for z (sob) mourning outlit" (sniffle). Here the other eye was hid behind the handkerchief, while a kind of cold-chill

shudder passed over her.
...But, my dear madam, I don't know ou. It would be rather departing from our rules to comply with your request," replied Mr. B.—, pollisly, "How much of a bill did you want to

I want (sob) -about two (another miffle), two hundred dollars, I (sob) guess.

Ant you gwine to mar'y de gal fur love or bekase her father has some wealth "I am sorry, but as you are a stranger to me I shall have to decline, unless you furnish security or come recommended by someone known to

"Do you (sob) know Mr. (two sobs) Mr. Richfellow?" (Two sniffles.)
"Yes, madam, I know him. Do you

think he would guarantee the payment of the bill?" "I don't (sob) want (sniffle)-want you to (sniffle) ask him (sniffle), be-cause I am going (two sniffles) to mar-

ry him (sob) when my (sob) mourning has expired." (Sob). "Well, in a case of that kind, of course we will trust you; we can pre sent the bill to him after your mar-

riage. Oh, thank you (brightens up), thank you; indeed, that will be all right. Now I want a box of black gloves, number six and half; fourteen yards of cashmere, thirty yards of crape cloth, twelve yards of veiling, two boxes of black silk hose (number eight), and the necessary trimmings. Please fix it up nice. Don't you think

I will look nice in mourning? 55
Mr. B \_\_\_\_\_, after the flash of the pretty widow's eye, would have filled a thousand-dollar order and paid it out of his own pocket. He was baldheaded.-Burlington Hawkeye.

# He Got a New Hat.

When the sun broke through the louds and shone on Madison Square esterday afternoon, it brought a great nany children out of their houses to olay, and with them an elderly German who had no match with him to light his eigar. The children noticed elderly German borrow a lighted cigar from a young man, take a light, and go to hand it back. At that stage of the proceedings a second young man appeared and stretched out his hand for the borrowed cigar. The borrower, after a moment's hesitation, handed back the cigar to the young man from whom he thought he had borrowed it. The owner of the cigar became indignant and tore the old gentleman's hat A park policeman hastened to the scene and offered to arrest everybody. But the old man didn't want anybody arrested; he only wanted the price of his hat. This the young man refused

to pay.

The policeman started off on his rambles again. A duil thud startled him, and he turned round in time to see the old man knock the young one flat with a beautiful right-hander. He hastened back, but before he could arrest anybody the old man with the young one in tow was steaming toward Third avenue. When he came back he wore : brand new hat, and told the policeman that the young man had concluded to pay up. He added that he had returned the eight to the wrong young man, and that if he could meet the one who fooled him he would knock him down as fast as he could get up. - New York Sun

#### Serious Consequences of Sunday-Fishing.

Sheik Kemal Edin Demiri, who died bout A. D. 1405, and was the author of a voluminous treatise on the life of animals, relates the following story as a fact: "The inhabitants of a town called Olila, on the shore of the Red Sea. we's in olden times metamorphosed inmonkeys, in punishment for their wickedness. They had broken the Sabbath by fishing. Some of their try constables could always capture pious fellow-citizens endeavored in vain the thieves and recover the goods if to convey them back into the path of to convey them back into the path of virtue; and, finally, when all admonitions proved useless, left the town. Returning to their homes three days later, they found, instead of their neighbors, baboons, which met them looking sorrowfully, and expressing by signs and attitude that they recognized the

friends whose advice they had scorned with so drendful a result. In his anger.
Allah had inflicted a terrible sentence upon them. The writer carefully in sists on the circumstance that the cul-

prits were Jews.
The Prophet and his followers admit this metamorphosis by God's special intervention as a fact, and this fully explains the prominent part assigned to apes in all Arabic fables and tales. The early Egyptians believed religious ly that some groups of monkeys were experts in writing, and, by that fact alone, equal if not superior to mankind in general. A number of apes were consequently sheltered and fed in the temples, worshiped during life, and embalmed after death. Those privileged specimens of the four-handed tribe, when first introduced into the temple, were handed a slate and pencil by the chief-priest, and humbly re-quested to show their right to admison into the sacred asylum by writing. The gamboling and grinning candidate wrote, and nobody ever doubted that the figures traced by their agile hands fully deserved to be classed in the category of hieroglyphs. So highly were they held in respect and veneration, that the holy Sphinx was represented with their hair-dress, and, till to-day, men and women in the country of the Mahdi give their hair the same shape. But the Egyptians never admitted that the priests or Pharaohs were the descendants of monkeys, while, on the contrary, the Hindoos built houses and temples to shelter and worship apes, and venerated the princes of their country as the direct offspring of the holy animals. The Arabs regard the latter as "the descendants of whom nothing is sacred, nothing re-spectable, nothing too good or too bad who never feel friendly dispositions for other creatures of the Lord, and are damned by Allah, and carry the likeness of the devil and of man combined on their ill-shaped bodies."—Dr. Al-fred E. Brehm, in Popular Science Monthly for June.

### Shoe-Strings for Fodder.

"What's the matter, little girl? asked a benevolent-looking old gentle man of a diminutive figure in a shawl Saturday on Market street.

"Boo-boo-ho," was the only answer nents, so overcome was she with weep-

"Are you scared at the horse, sis?" asked the old gentleman. "He won't hart you." A horse stood very near, calmly chewing away at something which was hidden in his mouth. By this time quite a crowd had collected. The horse turned his head toward the pavement and the little girl cried out "Don't let him; please take him away—boo-hoo-ho. He's caten nearly all of 'em up now. Boo-hoo-ho.

The horse gathered in a luscious mouthful of shoe-strings from the little girl's basket.
"You brute!" exclaimed the old gen tleman, striking at the animal with his cane. The horse only shut his eyes

"How many has he eaten, little girl?" asked one of the bystanders. "Nearly all of 'em-boo-ho! I can'

make him stop."
At this point the driver of the horse came up and the old gentleman said:
"See here, young man, if you don't feed that brute I'll put the cruelty society on you."
"I do feed him," was the gruff re-

"What, on shoe-strings?" "Yes, and he eats everything that

comes in his way."
"It appears so."
"Why, has he been after you?" asked the driver as he mounted the wagon and drove off. The crowd laughed and dispersed as the old gentleman threw a quarter into the child's lap. She dried her tears and moved back from the curb-stone, fearing to expose

# her wares to the dainty appetite of another horse.—Philadelphia Times.

Must Keep Their Trade. A reporter stood in the office of a down-town grocery on Saturday con-versing with the proprietor, when the sudden "B-r-r-r-r!" of the telephone in-

"Hello! What's wanted?" asked the nan of provisions.
"Is this Mr. Blank's store?" inquir ed the person at the other end of the

'Yes; go ahead." "This is Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, I would like small change for a \$5 bill, and wish you vould send a man over with it. it be too much trouble?"

"Oh, no. I'll send it at once. Good-"Well, that's rather cool," remarked the reporter. "Such calls must be prof-

"We don't mind little things of tha kind," replied the grocer, "but I'll give you an instance of farcial development that's worth recording. rainy night about a week ago a lady rang me up and asked if I would send her an yeast cake at once. I told her I would deliver it myself on my way home. I walked six blocks with that infernal yeast cake in my pocket and elivered it to a servant who respond ed to my knock on the front door. The next morning I was somewhat aston ished when the lady called me up by elephone and informed me that the next time any of my men delivered goods at her house they were to come to the back door. Isn't that enough to drive a man out of business? but a sample of the messages that comover that telephone of mine, but a these people are good customers I can't talk back to them without losing their trade." - Detroit Free Press.

# The Capture of John Brown

From an account in the June Century of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, written by one of his prisoners, who was in the engine-house during the insurrection, and afterward held the rank of captain in the Confederate army, we quote the following: "When Lieuten-ant Stuart came in the morning for the thal answer to the demand to surrender, I got up and went to Brown's side to hear his answer.

"Stuart asked, 'Are you ready to surrender, and trust to the mercy of the Government?' Brown answered promptly, 'No!

prefer to die here. "His manner did not betray the least ear. "Stuart stepped aside and made the

signal for the attack, which was in-stantly begun with sledge-hammers to break down the door. Finding it would not yield, the soldiers seized a long ladder for a batter-ing-ram, and commenced beating the door with that, the party within firing incessantly. I had assisted in the barricading, fixing the fastenings so that I could remove them upon the first effort to get in. But I was not at the door when the battering began, and could not get to the fastenings until the ladder was used. I then quick-ly removed the fastenings, and after

two or three strokes of the ladder the engine rolled partially back, making a small aperture, through which Lieu-tonant Green of the marines forced himself, jumped on top of the engine, and stood a second in the midst of a shower of balls, looking for John Brown. When he saw Brown he sprang about twelve feet at him, and gave an under-thrust of his sword, striking him about midway the body and raising him completely from the ground. Brown fell forward with his head between his knees, and Green struck him several times over the head, and, as I then supposed, split his skull at every

stroke. "I was not two feet from Brown at that time. Of course I got out of the building as soon as possible, and did not know till some time later that Brown was not killed. It seems that in making the thrust Green's sword struck Brown's belt, and did not penetrate the body. The sword was bent double. The reason that Brown was hot killed when struck on the head was that Green was holding his sword in the middle, striking with the hill and making only scalp wounds."

#### Derivations.

The word "pamp'tlet" is derived from the name of a Greek authoress, Pamphylia, who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books. "Punch and Judy" is a contraction from Pontius and Judas. It is a relic of an old "miracle play," in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot. "Bigot" is from Visigotha, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth, conqueror of Spain, is handed down to infamy.
"Humbug" is from Hamburg; "a piece
of Hamburg news" was in Germany a proverbial expression for false political rumors. "Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made.
"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name its derived from Arab, a famous street in Bagdad inhabited by the manufacturers of silken stuffs called atabi, or taffety—the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat 'Old Scratch' is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the super Skratti, who still survive acrope. Old stitions of Northern Europe. Old stitions other than Nikir, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend. The lemon takes its name from the City of Lima.

#### Bill Nye at a Military Barquet.

I am not much of a military man. I once undertook to hold a claim in the North Park, but a bitterness sprang up between myself and the Indians, and I lost my front hair. Cholera, chief of the Utes, came to the Boomerang mine one day and said he would give me two sleeps to get away in. I didn't want any difficulty with him, and I thought one sleep was enough, and so I hurried right away. I said to him: Noble war-rior of the knock-kneed Utes, take my mine, you can have it, it's already salted; it will keep through the hot-weather all right. Help yourselves to anything you can find; take my grub, take my whisky; drink yourself into a premature grave at my expense, fire up with my nitro-glycerine and drop in yourself. And then I got out. Boston Globe.

### The Borrowed Horse,

"I will relate a little circumstance that took place in Mexico a few years before I left there. One of my friends had a horse extremely gentle and of such an easy, agreeable gait that he took the greatest care of him and held him at a great price. A well-fed big and lusty friar was a friend to our neighbor—one who liked the good things of this world as well as he liked to ride out to the small towns bordering upon the city of Mexico and take a dinner with the bonny lasses and countrymen inhabiting those villages. He used to ask my friend to loan him his horse to take these excursions just ground the capital, and his rea were granted with so good a grace, he in a short time, went so far as to ask the loan of this favorite animal to go to Cuernavaca, a distance of 18 leagues As this happened pretty often, friend complained to me one day of the indiscretion of the friar. I asked him if he could procure me a friar's dress for a few days, and leave his horse with me for the same time. He did so, I dressed myself in the friar's dress and went in where the horse was. I took a good whip in my hand and made him do penance for no other sin but that of too much gentleness. Going out I took off my friar's dress and went in again in my own dress, and handled him gently. I repeated the operation a low days, at the end of which I took the horse back to his master, and told him he might lend him to the friar whenever he pleased. A day or two after he came to my store. 'Your remedy,' said he, 'has had a marvelous effect. Our monk has just left my house, per-fectly persuaded that my horse is possessed with the devil. holy personage came up to take him by the bridle to get on him, he was so frightened, and wheeled round so quick and flew away from him with so much terror, that one would have said that he took him for the destroying angel. The friar crossed himself many times, hurried away in all haste to the convent to sprinkle himself with holy wahorse again. In this case the horse remembered the dress, not the features of the individual who used the whip onhim.—"Tachyhippodamia," by W. W.

# Rough on Microbes.

Pellow.

"Is it true doctor." said a natural- -ized citizen the other day to one of the lights of the medical profession on Staten island, "that they are begin" ning to vaccinate people for cholera?"

"I believe it is, Larry." replied the doctor. "Although they have not dis-covered a good cure for cholera, they have at last found out the cause of it. "And what is that, doctor?"

"Well, Larry, it would be hard for me to explain it to you, but perhaps you may have heard of microbes "Of Mike Oats, of course I have." "No, Larry, not Mike Oats, our

worthy undertaker, but microbes, to use the proper pronunciation."
"O, aye, Mick Robe. He lived in Stapleton some time ago, but-Not that fellow, Larry. I refer to the great microbe family.
O, sure enough, the McRobes, far downs of the worst kind. The brains ought to be knocked out of them."-

It is not to the Methodists, as is generally thought, but to the Presbyterians, that America owes the word camp-meeting. Certain Presbyterian ministers held a sacramental meeting at a place called Cane Ridge, in Kentucky in 1865. tucky, in 1800. It was attended by more than 20,000 people, and was pro-tracted for weeks. This was the first

camp-meeting ever held in the United